



RALPH FARNHAM'S LAST DREAM.

In the midst of his children's children, by the home-fire's cheerful blaze,
An old man sat in an easy-chair, dreaming of by-gone days;
Dreaming of wearisome marches, by flood, morass, and wold,
Where many a brave heart fainted with hunger and thirst and cold :
Dreaming of midnight watches in the dreary, drizzling rain,
And the hum of his company's voices, that he never should hear again ;
Of the smouldering fires of the bivouac, the sentinel's measured tread,
The smoke and roar of the battle, and the faces of the dead—
Of the fair young son of his neighbor, who fought and fell by his side,
And the sacred message he gave him to his girl-love when he died.
He saw the face of the maiden grow as cold as death and as pale,
As he sat by her father's hearth-stone and told her the cruel tale.
"Ay, ay!" in his sleep he murmured, "she was fair and he was brave,
But she faded away like a blossom, and we made him a soldier's grave.
But we routed the British legions, and sent them over the sea,
For the God of battles helped us, and our native land was free.
My son, I have been dreaming a dream that gave me pain ;
I thought I was young, and a soldier, fighting for freedom again :
I saw the tents and the banners, and the shining ranks of the foe,
And the crimson tracks our poor recruits left on the frozen snow.
But is it true, this rumor, or only an idle tale—
Do they talk of dissolving the Union?—Ah, well may your cheek grow pale,
And well may an old man tremble, and his heart beat faint and low,
When he thinks of the price it cost us some fourscore years ago!
I have watched its growing greatness through a life of many years,
But I never forgot that its blessings were purchased with blood and tears.
I never forgot the privations of fourscore years ago,
When the naked feet of our poor recruits left crimson tracks in the snow.
I never forgot their faces, and I seem to see them still,
Who looked straight into the face of death at the battle of Bunker's Hill.
And so the home of Marion is the first to break the band
That bound the beautiful sisterhood of our beloved land ;
The children of the heroes around whose memory clings
The glory of King's Mountain, Cowpens, and Eutaw Springs !
I saw our blessed banner, with its white and crimson bars,
When fair South Carolina was one of the thirteen stars ;
And if ever that constellation is marred or rent in twain,
It would blast the sight of these poor old eyes to see its folds again.
If God has forsaken our country, the only boon I crave
Is that He will delay its ruin till I have gone down to the grave ;
For I could not breathe with traitors, nor turn my face to the sun,
Nor dwell in the land of the living, when the States are no longer one."

SARAH T. BOLTON.



UNDER THE FIR-TREES.

A HARVEST ROMANCE.

"*Hi, Marian!* well met, fair maid ! Where roaming this bright morn?"
The maiden, with a sigh, replies, "*My Lord, to lease the corn.*"
Her hair with blossoms wild bedeck'd, her cheek with blushes dyed,
She stands a very queen of flowers, yet downcast
as a bride.
"Come, Marian, my love, with me; nay, why
so bashful now?
This scorching sun will deeply tinge the whiteness
of thy brow ;
The coarse, harsh stubble of the fields these little hands will spoil ;
My village beauty was not born to suffer heat
and toil.
"Come, fairest, come, why linger still ? Such
rude employment leave ;
Beneath the fir-trees' welcome shade, we'll wander as at eve.
Have you that happy hour forgot—my murmur'd vows and sighs ?

Dear Marian, turn, and let me read my answer
in thine eyes !"

Fair Marian at his bidding turns ; they pace beneath the trees.
Whose tall and tender columns wave and mutter with each breeze.
But those sweet eyes are filled with tears, the blush forsakes her cheek.
"What is it troubles Marian so ? Speak, little maiden, speak."
But Marian, resting on a bank, looks down and thinks a while ;
The handsome noble, lounging near, looks on with careless smile.
No sound disturbs the solitude but labor's distant hum :
Impatiently at last he cries, "My sweetest, art thou dumb ?"
Then, hands clasped loosely round his arm, upturn'd her pretty face,
Fair Marian says with earnest air, yet full of modest grace,
"The words you whisper'd me last night, and once we met before,



SEA BATTERY, FORT MONROE, OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

Were best unsaid—must be forgot—and we must meet no more.

"Nay, hear me, while I tell you how, in listening to those vows,
With joyful heart methought I heard the waving fir-tree boughs
Say, as the soft wind through them sang, 'Such fond words must be true.
Ah! happy, happy Marian! he loves and loves but you!'

"We parted—homeward went your steps, but mine here linger'd still.
Lest other eyes should guess what hopes my flut'ring bosom fill;
But as I mused, another song the trees sang in mine ear.
'Ah, simple, simple Marian! Doubt, maiden, doubt and fear!'

"Then asked I my sinking heart—Can such change be in life?
The daughter of the laboring man become the noble's wife?
Inred to earn my daily bread, the child of want and care,
Can such as I the gems of wealth be ever meant to wear?

"Then asked I again my heart—But could my lord mean guile?
Would one so great as he deceive poor Marian with a smile?
The untimish'd honor of his house, his name
be all forgot?
So mournfully the branches waved, I trembling fled the spot!

"And through the long and wakeful night still sounded in mine ear
The songing of those fir-tree boughs—'Doubt, maiden, doubt and fear!'
My lord, I have no more to tell, my inmost thought you know.
But now her fal'ring voice in vain essays to bid him go.

The young man listened with his head bent down upon his breast.
He answered, "Little friend, forgive this sad and sorry jest;
In seeing you so beautiful, I have been much to blame,
For trifling with so pure a heart, regardless of your fame!"

Bending yet lower, that fair face he once more looks upon.

"Forgive—forgive me, Marian." One kiss, and he is gone!

Faintly, more faintly falls his step—it dies in fal'ing groan;

And with it fades the maiden's dream, her first sweet dream of love.

Up, up, there is no longer time here grieved to stay;

For in the fields ask many tongues "Where Marian is lo-day?"

The griefs and cares of poverty must workfully be borne;

But Marian's tears fall thick and fast, while leasing in the corn.



was there any disarrangement of the kitchen, excepting such as she herself had made in falling and bleeding. But there was one remarkable piece of evidence on the spot. She had been struck with some blow, or had fallen, or had been pulled down; for the blows were dealt something heavy had been thrown down at her with considerable violence as she lay on her face. And on the ground beside her, when Joe picked her up, was a convict's leg-iron which had been filed asunder.

Now Joe, examining this iron with a smith's eye, declared it to have been filed asunder some time ago. The hue and cry going off to the Hulks, and people coming to see the execution of the law, Joe's secret was corroborated. She did not venture to say when it had left his hands, to which it undoubtedly had once belonged; but they claimed to know for certain that that particular manacle had not been worn by either of two convicts who had escaped last night. Further, one of those two was already re-taken, and had not freed himself of his iron.

Knowing what I knew, I set up an inquiry of my own here, to see whether it could be to the master's iron that she had been bound and had him filing it at the marshes—but my mind did not accuse him of having put it to its latest use.

For I believed one of two other persons to have been possessed of it, and to have turned it to this cruel account. Either Orlick or the strange man who had shown me the file.

Now as to Orlick, he had gone to town exactly as he told us when we picked him up at the turnpike; he had been seen in the evening, and was in divers companies in several public houses, and had come back with himself and Mr. Wopsle. There was nothing against him save the quarrel; and my sister had quarreled with him, and with every body also after her, ten thousand times. As to the strange man, if he had come back for those two bank-notes, there could have been no dispute about them, because my sister was fully bound to restore them. Besides, he had been no altercate, the assailant had come in so silent and suddenly that she had been filled before she could look round.

It was horrible to think that I had provided the weapon, however undesignedly, but I could hardly think otherwise. I suffered unspeakable trouble while I considered and re-considered whether I should at last dissolve that spell of my childhood, and tell Joe all the story. For months I had, I well remember, and recollect now, agonized it most morning. The contention came, after all, to this; the secret was such an old one now, had so grown into me and become a part of myself, that I could not tear it away. In addition to the dread that, having led up to so much mischief, it would be now more likely than ever to alienate Joe from me if he believed it, I had the further restraining dread that he would not believe me, and would not let it out to the fabulists and vagabonds as a monstrous invention. However, I temporized with myself, of course—for was I not wavering between right and wrong, when the thing is always done?—and resolved to make a full disclosure if I should see any such new occasion as a new chance of helping in the discovery of the assailant.

The Constitution and the Bow Street men from London, who this happened in the days of the octogenarian red waistcoat police—were about the house for a week or two, and did pretty much what I have heard and read of like authorities doing in other such cases. They took up several obviously wrong people, and they ran their heads very hard against wrong ideas, and persisted in trying to fit the circumstances to the ideas, instead of trying to fit the ideas to the circumstances. Also, they stood about the door of the Jolly Bargeemen, with knowing and reserved looks that filled the whole neighborhood with admiration; and they had a mysterious manner of taking their drink, that was almost as good as taking the culprit. But not quite, for they never did it.

Long after these constitutional powers had dispersed my sister lay very ill in bed. Her

sight was disturbed, so that she saw objects multiplied, and grasped at visionary tea-cups and wine-glasses instead of the realities; her hearing was greatly impaired; her memory also; and her speech was unintelligible. When at last she came round so far as to be helped down stairs, it was still necessary for her to keep silent always by her that she might indicate in writing what she could not indicate in speech. As she was (very bad handwriting apart) a more than indifferent reader, extraordinary complications arose between them, which I was always called in to solve. The administration of nutmeg instead of nutmeg, the substitution of Tea for Joe, and the like, for her sake, were among the milder of my own mistakes.

However, her temper was greatly improved and she was patient. A tremendous uncertainty of the action of all her limbs soon became a part of her regular state, and afterward, at intervals of two or three months, she would often put her hands to her head and would then remain for about half an hour, as if in a state of abstraction of mind. We were at a loss to find an attendant for her, until a circumstance happened conveniently to relieve us. Mr. Wopsle's great aim conquered a confirmed habit of living into which she had fallen, and Biddy became a part of our establishment.

It may have been about a month after my sister's re-appearance in the kitchen when Biddy came to us with a smile, and asked if I was contenting the whole of her worldly offices, and became a blessing to the household. Above all, she was a blessing to Joe, for the dear old fellow was sadly cut up by the constant contemplation of the wreck of his wife, and had been accustomed, while attending on her all the evening, to turn to me every now and then, and say with his blue eyes moistened, "Such a fine figure of a woman as she were, Pip!" Biddy was taking a cleverish, cleverish air of mind, as though she had studied her own infant, Joe, became able in some sort to appreciate the greater quiet of his life, and to get down to the Jolly Bargeemen now and then, for a change that did him good. It was characteristic of the police people that they had all more or less suspected poor Joe (though he never knew it), and that they to a man concurred in regarding him as one of the deepest spirits they had ever encountered.

Biddy's first triumph in her new office was to solve a difficulty that had completely vanquished me. I had tried hard at it, but had made nothing of it. Thus it was:

Again and again and again my sister had tripped upon the slate a character that looked like a curious T, and then, with the utmost eagerness, had called our attention to it as something she particularly wanted to tell us. I had tried to think of some ridiculous that began with a T, from tor to toast and tub. At length it had come into my head that the sign looked like a hammer, and on my lassily calling that word in my sister's ear she had begun to hammer on the table, and expressed a qualified assent. Thereupon I had brought in all our hammers, one after another, but without avail. Then I thought of a crucifix, the shape being much the same, and I had it made in the village, and displayed it to my sister with considerable confidence. But she shook her head to that extent, when she was shown it, that we were terrified lest, in her weak and shattered state, she should dislocate her neck.

When my sister found that Biddy was very quick to understand her, this mysterious sign immediately reappeared on the slate. Biddy looked thoughtfully at it, heard my explanation, looked thoughtfully at my sister, looked thoughtfully at Joe (who was always represented

on the slate by his initial letter), and ran into the forge, followed by Biddy and me.

"Why, of course!" cried Biddy, with an exultant face. "Don't you see? It's him!"

Orlick, without a doubt! She had lost his name, and could only signify him by his hammer. We told him why we wanted him to come to the kitchen, and he slowly laid down his hammer, wiped his hands, and took another wine at it with his spoon, and once slouching out, with a curious loose, vagabond in the knees that strongly distinguished him.

I confess that I expected to see my sister denounce him, and that I was disappointed by his appearance; but she manifested the greatest anxiety to be on good terms with him. I was evidently much pleased by his being at all produced, and motioned that she should have him given something to drink. She watched his countenance as if she were particularly wishful to be assured that he took kindly to his reception; she showed every possible desire to make him comfortable; and there was an air of human solicitude in her that was such as I have seen pervade the bearing of a right-hand child toward a hard master. After that day, I never passed without her drawing the hammer on her slate, and without Orlick's slouching in and standing doggedly before her, as if he knew no more than I did what to make of it.

CHAPTER XVI.

I soon fell into a regular routine of apprenticeship-life, which was varied, beyond the limits of the village and the marshes, by no more remarkable circumstance than the arrival of my birthday and my paying another visit to Miss Havisham. I found Miss Sarah Pocket still on duty at the gate; I found Miss Havisham just as I had left her; and she spoke of Estella in the same tone, with the same very same words. The interview was brief but agreeable, and she gave me a guinea when I was going, and told me to come again on my next birthday. I may mention at once that this became an annual custom. I tried to decline taking the guinea on the first occasion, but with no better effect than causing her to ask me, very angrily, if I expected more? Then, and after that, I took it.

My unchanged was the dull old house, the yellow light in the darkened room, the faded spectre in the chair by the dressing-table glass that I felt as if the stopping of the clock had stopped Time in that mysterious place, and while I and every thing else outside grew older, it stood still. Daylight never entered the house, as I to my thoughts and remembrances of it, any more than as to the actual fact. It behaved to me, and under its influence I continued at home to hate my trade and to be ashamed of it.

Inexpressibly I became conscious of a change in Biddy, however. Her shoes came up at the heel, her hair grew bright and neat, her hands were always clean. She was not beautiful—she was common, and could not be like Estella—but she was pleasant and wholesome and sweet-tempered. She had a smile, and a look, and a character that I remember her being nearly out of mourning at the time it struck me, when I observed to myself one evening that she had curiously thoughtful and attentive eyes; eyes that were very pretty and very good.

It came of my lifting up my own eyes from a task I was poring at—writing some passages from a book, to improve myself in two ways at once by a sort of strategem—and seeing Biddy observant of what I was about. I laid down my pen, and Biddy stopped in her needle-work without laying it down.



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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLellan.
Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XV.

With my head full of George Barnwell, I was at first disposed to believe that I must have had some hand in the attack upon my sister, or at all events that she had been really responsible for her unnatural behavior. I was more than half inclined to do this, for I had seen her kitchen door, and had recognized Gad's-night with a farm-laborer going home. The man could not be more particular as to the time at which he saw her (he got into dense confusion when he tried to be) than that it must have been before nine. When Joe went home at five minutes before ten he found her struck down on the floor, and promptly called for assistance. The fire had not been lit, and was unusually low, nor was a smut of the candle very long; the candle, however, had been blown out.

Nothing had been taken away from any part of the house. Neither, beyond the blowing out of the candle—which stood on a table between the door and my sister, and was behind her when she stood facing the fire and was struck—

"Biddy," said I, "how do you manage it? Either I am very stupid or you are very clever."

"What is it that I manage? I don't know," returned Biddy, smiling.

She managed our whole domestic life, and wonderfully too; but I did not mean that, though that made what I did mean more surprising.

"How do you manage, Biddy?" said I, "to learn everything that I learn, and always to keep up with me?" I was beginning to be rather wild with knowledge, for I spent my birthday guineas on it, and set aside the greater part of my pocket-money for similar investment; though I have no doubt now that the little I knew was extremely dear at the price.

"I might as well ask you," said Biddy, "how you manage."

"No; because when I come in from the forge of a night, any never turn to at it, at. But you never turn to it at, Biddy."

"I suppose I must catch it—like a cough," said Biddy, quietly; and went on with her sewing.

Pushing my idea as I leaned back in my wooden chair and looked as Biddy had done with her head on one side, I began to think her rather an extraordinary person. For I called to mind that she was equally accomplished in the terms of our trade, and the names of our different sorts of work, and our various tools. In short, whatever I knew, Biddy knew. Theoretically, she was already as good a blacksmith as I, or better.

"You are one of those, Biddy," said I, "who make the most of every chance. You never had a chance, but you came here, and see how improved you are!"

Biddy looked at me for an instant, and went on with her sewing. "I was your first teacher though; wasn't I?" said she, as she sewed.

"Biddy!" I exclaimed in amazement. "Why, you are crying!"

"No, I am not," said Biddy, looking up and laughing. "What's that in your head?"

What could have put it in my head but the glistening of a tear as it dropped on her work? I sat silent, recalling what a drudge she had been until Mr. Wopde's great-aunt successfully overcame that bad habit of living, so highly desirable to be got rid of by some people. I recalled the hopeless circumstances by which she had been surrounded in the miserable little house she had been compelled to rent, with that mischievous old female of inexperience always to be dragged and shouldered. I reflected that even in those untoward times there must have been latent in Biddy what was now developed or developing; for in my first uneasiness and discontent I had turned to her, as a matter of course, to help me. Biddy sat quietly sewing, shedding no more tears, and while I looked at her, and thought about it, I was struck by the singular and somewhat sufficient gratuity to Biddy. I might have been too reserved, and should have patronized her more (though I did not use that precise word in my meditations) with my confidence.

"Yes, Biddy," I observed, when I had done turning it over, "you were my first teacher, and that at a time when we little thought of ever being together like this, in this kitchen."

"Ah, poor Pip!" replied Biddy, and it was like a self-detonation to confess the remark to my sister, and to get up and be busy about her, making her more comfortable; "that's truly true!"

"Well!" said I, "we must talk together a little more, as we used to do. And I must consult you a little more, as I used to do. Let us have a quiet walk on the marshes next Sunday, Biddy, for a long chat."

My sister, however, left alone now; but Joe more than readyooked the care of me on that Sunday afternoon, and Biddy and I went out together. It was summer time and lovely weather. When we had passed the village and the church and the church-yard, and were out on the marshes, and began to see the sails of the ships as they sailed on, I began to combine Miss Havisham and Estella with the prospect in my usual way. When we came to the river-side and sat down on the bank, with the water rippling at our feet, making it all musical, than it would have been without that sound, I resolved that it was a good time and place for the admission of Biddy into my inner confidence.

"Biddy," said I, after binding her to secrecy, "I am not a gentleman."

"Oh, I wish you were, Pip!" she returned.

"I don't think it would answer."

"Biddy," said I, with some severity, "I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman."

"You know best, Pip; but don't you think you are happier as you are?"

"Biddy," I exclaimed, impatiently, "I am not as happy as I am. I am disgusted with my calling and with my life. I have never taken to either since I was bound. Don't be absurd!"

"Was I absurd?" said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows; "I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only want you to do well, and to be comfortable."

"Well, then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable—or any thing but miserable—there, Biddy!—unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now."

"That's a pity!" said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.

Now, I too had so often thought it a pity, that the singular kind of quarrel with myself which I was always carrying on, I was half-inclined to shed tears of vexation and distress when Biddy gave utterance to her sentiment and my own. I told her she was right, and I knew it was much to be regretted, but still it was not to be helped."

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"If I could have settled down," I said to Biddy, sticking up the short grass within reach, much as I had once upon a time pulled my feelings out of my hair and kicked them into the fire. "I could have settled down in a quiet half of the forge as I was when I was little. I know it would have been much better for me. You and I and Joe would have wanted nothing then, and Joe and I would perhaps have gone partners when I was out of my time, and I might even have grown up to keep company with you, and you might have sat on this very bank on a Sunday, quite different from people who had been good enough for me."

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me pain; she would far rather have wounded her own breast than mine. How could it be, that I did not like her much the better of the two?"

"Biddy," said I, when we were walking onward, "I wish you could put me right."

"I wish I could," said Biddy.

"If I could only get myself to fall in love with you, I don't mind my speaking so openly to you; you don't mind my speaking so openly to you."

"Oh, dear, not at all!" said Biddy. "Don't mind me."

"If I could only get myself to do it, that would be the thing for me."

"But you never will, you see," said Biddy.

It did not appear quite so unlikely to me that evening as it would have done if we had discussed it a few hours before. I therefore told her who she was, and she said it decidedly that I believed her to be right; and yet I took it rather ill, too, that she should be so positive upon the point.

When we came near the church-yard we had to cross an embankment, and get over a stile near a stone-gate. There started up, from the gate, or from the rushes, or from the bushes (which was quite in his stagin way), old Orlick.

"'Ere!" he growled; "where are you two goin'?"

"Where should we be going, but home?"

"Well, then," said he, "I'm jiggered if I don't see you home!"

This penalty of being jiggered was a favorite suppositionless case of his. He attached no definite meaning to the word that I am aware of, but used it, like his own pretended Christian name, to affront mankind, and convey an idea of something savagely damaging. When I was a boy, I used to be jiggered so often that if he had jiggered me personally he would have done it with a sharp and twisted hook.

Biddy was much against his going with us, and said to me in a whisper, "Don't let him come; I don't like him." As I did not like him either, I took the liberty of saying that we thanked him, but we didn't want seeing home. He received that piece of information with a yell of laughter, and dropped back, but came slouching after us at a little distance.

Curious to know who he was, Biddy suggested his having had a hand in that murderous attack of which my sister had never been able to give any account, I asked her why she did not like him like this.

"Oh!" she replied, glancing over her shoulder with a smile, "because I—I am afraid he likes me."

"Did he tell you he liked you?" I asked, indignantly.

"No, Biddy, glancing over her shoulder again, "but he used to tell me he dances when whenever he can catch me eye."

However novel and singular her testimony of attachment, I did not doubt the accuracy of the interpretation. I was very hot indeed upon old Orlick's daring to admire her; as hot as if it were an outrage on myself.

"But it makes no difference to you, you know," said Biddy, calmly.

"No, Biddy, it makes no difference to me; only I don't like it; I don't approve of it."

"That makes no difference to me," said Biddy.

"Exactly," said I, "but I must tell you I should have no opinion of you, Biddy, if he danced at you with your consent."

I kept an eye on Orlick after that night, and whenever circumstances were favorable to his dancing at Biddy, got before him to obscure that demonstration. He had struck root in Joe's establishment by reason of my sister's sudden fancy for him, or I should have tried to get him out again. He quite understood and resented my good intentions, as I had reason to know thereafter.

And now, because my mind was not confused enough before, I complicated its confusion fifty thousand-fold, by having states and seasons when I was clear that Biddy was immeasurably better than Estella, and that the plain honest working life to which I was born had nothing in it to be ashamed of, but offered me sufficient means of self-respect and happiness. At those times I was very fond of Biddy, and her affection to dear old Joe and the forge was gone, and that I was growing up in a fair way to be partners with Joe and to keep company with Biddy, when all in a moment some confounding remembrance of the Havisham days would fall upon me like a destructive missile and scatter my happiness. Scattered with a long time picking up; and often, before I had got them well together again, they would be dispersed as all the winds of our stray thoughts, that perhaps after all the Havisham days were going to make my fortune when my time was come.

If my time had run out, however, but was brought to a premature end, as I proceed to relate.

On Wednesday, 22d, in the Senate, the Red River Bill was examined further on the Committee on the Territories. An amendment was offered by Mr. Hamilton, of Georgia, to the effect that the bill should be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

Mr. L. L. Hill, of Illinois, moved to sustain the bill as it stood, and the motion was carried.

On Thursday, 23d, in the Senate, the Red River Bill was referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Friday, 24d, the Red River Bill was referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Saturday, 25d, the Red River Bill was referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Sunday, 26d, the Red River Bill was referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Monday, 27d, the Red River Bill was referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Tuesday, 28d, the Red River Bill was referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Wednesday, 29d, the Red River Bill was referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Thursday, 30d, the Red River Bill was referred to the Committee on the Territories.

Speaking of this fortress, a Virginian authority says:

"It is very large. The walls are more than a mile in circuit, very thick and high surrounded by a moat, which is from sixty to one hundred feet wide, with eight feet of water, drawbridges, and outer batteries. It mounts some thirty guns, and has magazines for throwing shells, furnished for heavy batteries. Nothing approaches within three miles except the village of the fort, which is a magnificent place. The walls inclose some seventy-five acres. In the centre is the parapet, with bastions, and the bastions are for the troops. Live oak and other trees are in blossom in summer. Outside the moat is a fine walk, with a view of the sea."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Saturday, January 13, in the Senate, a number of petitions, numerously signed, in favor of the adoption of the Crittenden resolutions, were presented. The Senate voted to refer them to the Committee on the Territories, and the bill was referred to the Committee on the Territories, but no action was taken upon it.

On Monday, January 14, a resolution was introduced by Senator Hunter of Virginia, to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions then occupied the attention of the Senate with the administration of the Crittenden resolutions, and that the Committee on the Territories be instructed to report on the same.

On Tuesday, January 15, Senator Hunter of Virginia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Wednesday, January 16, Senator Hunter of Virginia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Thursday, January 17, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Friday, January 18, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Saturday, January 19, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Sunday, January 20, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Monday, January 21, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Tuesday, January 22, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Wednesday, January 23, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Thursday, January 24, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Friday, January 25, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Saturday, January 26, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Sunday, January 27, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Monday, January 28, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

On Tuesday, January 29, Senator Hunter of Georgia, after referring the Crittenden resolutions to the Committee on the Territories, introduced a resolution to the effect that the Crittenden resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Territories.

FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

We publish on page 63 a view of the sea battery at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. This fort, which is one of the strongest in the United States, constitutes the north point of the entrance of James River. It has a circumference of one mile from Fort Calhoun, on the Rip Raps; and commands the entrance to the River.

In summer, it is a favorite resort for bathers. A few weeks ago considerable apprehension was felt for the safety of Fort Monroe; it was garrisoned by some 500 men, and that ample measures have been taken for its protection in case of serious trouble or popular outbreaks.

"That's a pity!" said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.

Now, I too had so often thought it a pity, that the singular kind of quarrel with myself which I was always carrying on, I was half-inclined to shed tears of vexation and distress when Biddy gave utterance to her sentiment and my own. I told her she was right, and I knew it was much to be regretted, but still it was not to be helped."

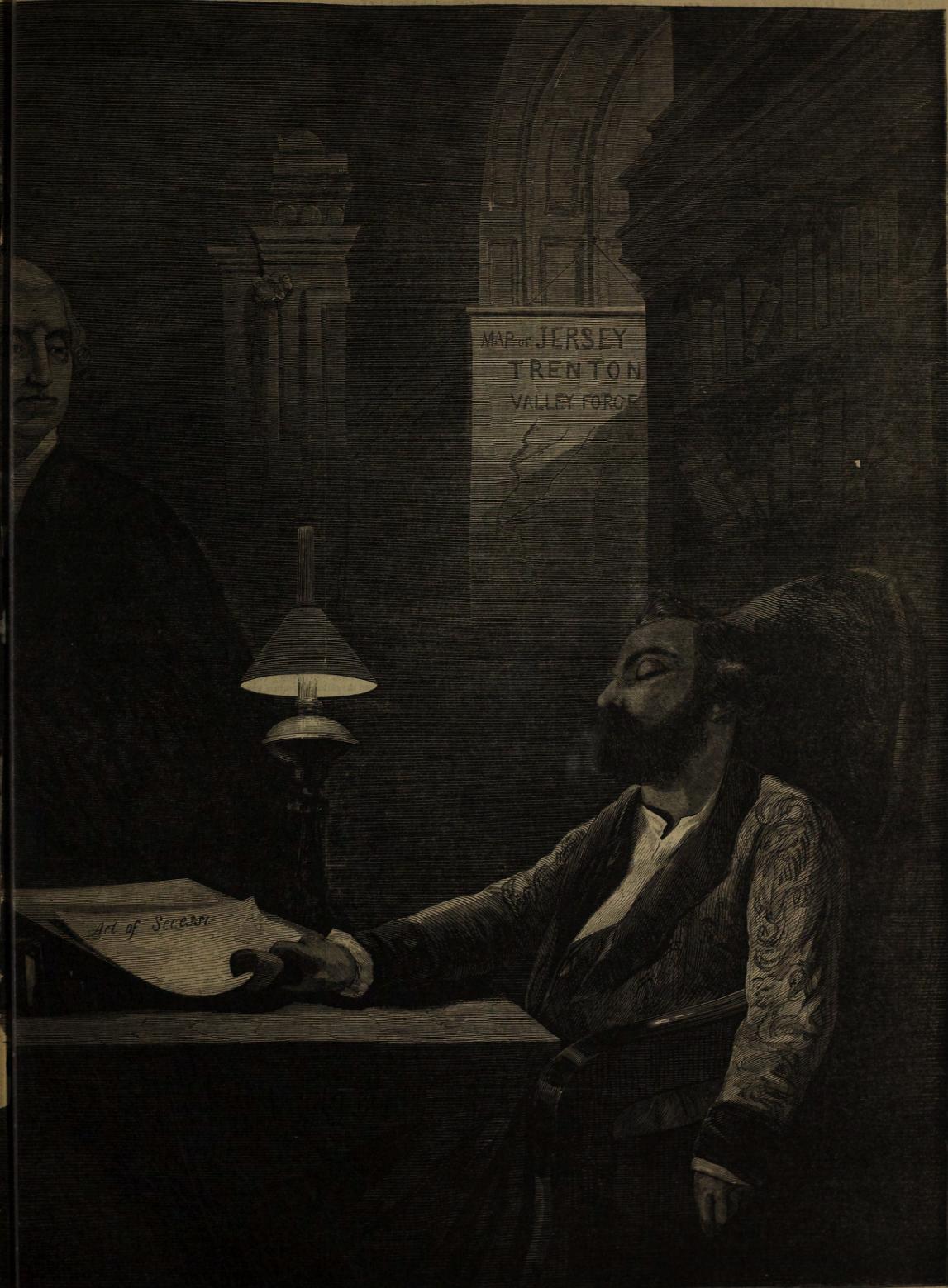
"Was I absurd?" said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows; "I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only want you to do well, and to be comfortable."

"Well, then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable—or any thing but miserable—there, Biddy!—unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now."

"That's a pity!" said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.



THE DREAM OF A SECESSIONIST





D. F. JAMIESON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION, AND MINISTER OF WAR.—[SEE PAGE 75.]

culies, she thought, and many and bitter were the tears she wept in repenting her severity. She firmly expected him to write again when she returned his note, but had calculated too strongly on his love, and not strongly enough on his pride, making the same error as on the occasion of the straw-wit.

But tears, and paleness, and apathy were of no avail. He had gone, and gone in anger. The gossip had their nine days of idle talk, of praise and blame, ill conceived and worse spoken. The young people sighed for their light-hearted and pleasant friend for a while, and then, intent on their own little comedies, let him pass to a sort of easy oblivion.

A year rolled around, and shortly before Christ-

mas young Sedgwick received a packet from New York, which, being opened, proved to contain a wonderfully elaborate and beautiful set of designs, somewhat similar, but decidedly superior, to those that Fay Howard had extorted the year before. A letter was accompanying them.

“DEAR SISTER.—I have named myself, in spare moments, designing the Xmas decorations for your church, which I induce to you. Ask our friends to accept them in the name of

FAY HOWARD.”

There was no address given, no clew by which a communication could have been made to reach him; and when Jeanie Sherman read the note she felt how completely she and Fay were separated, and shed more tears, and wore a sadder, paler face than ever.

Through the snowy and desolate village, with its vista of white-roofed houses, walked Fay Howard, well wrapped in his great-coat, with the red light of his cigar glowing brightly from under his mustache.

He took his way directly to the hotel, where the landlord looked in wonderment upon him, and “wanted to know” a good deal more than Fay told him.

“What is that light in the church windows?” asked the young man, as soon as he had arranged his external toilet a little.

“They’re trimming it, Sir, with Chris’ money.”

“Ah, I thought so. Give me the key to my room. I’ll be back late, perhaps.”

He took the key, and recrossed the common to the little church, pausing a moment to gaze over the quiet churchyard, beneath whose snow-capped gravestones slept the Inglen顿 dead of nearly two centuries. Then he ascended the steps, noiselessly entered the vestiule, and stood with his hand upon the latch of the baize-covered door.

A demon of unrest had haunted him ceaselessly ever since the cold Christmas weather had set in. It had seemed to him that he must see Jeanie once more at that blessed season, or die before the New Year was born. Pursued by this idea, and a mysterious prescence of coming joy, he had hastened back to Inglen顿. Here he was at the church door, and he knew that she must be inside. He entered, trembling.

There was much joy among the young folk, and many were the greetings he received—many and warm. Last of all came Jeanie Sherman, worn and weary-looking, but no longer pale. The riotous Blood, knowing that neither voice nor eye could



THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—[SEE PAGE 75.]

find strength to welcome him, rushed up into her cheeks and dyed them crimson, as a signal of the great joy she could not otherwise express. Their words were few, and merely kind, without reference to the past or the future. Each marked the changes sorrow had wrought in the other, but neither mentioned them, and after a brief space, when all the commonplace of welcome were over, Fay went on to his work, explaining the more intricate portions of his designs, and assisting his friends to arrange the evergreen.

The chains that are stronger than links of steel and bands of iron soon worked their simple miracle, and brought Fay and Jeanie side by side. It was a little embarrassing at first, and they kept silence. At length he spoke: “Had you forgot-



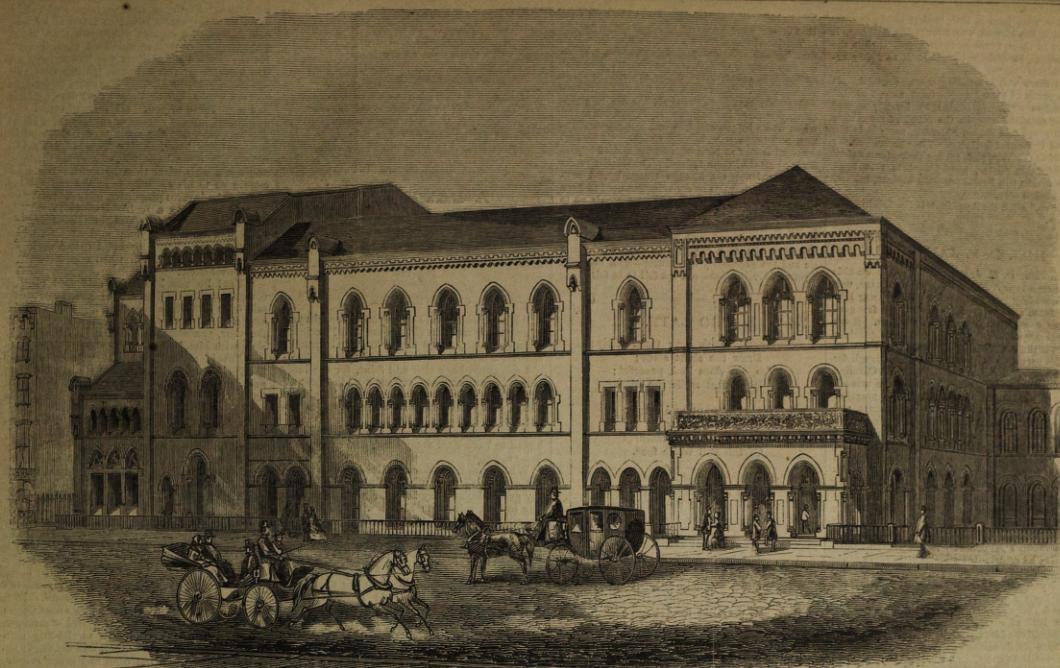
THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS.

An old Man had many Sons, who were often quarreling with one another. When the father last had recourse to this expedient: he ordered his Sons to be called before him, and a short bundle of sticks to be brought; then commanded them each to try if, with all his might and strength, he could break it. They all tried, but to no purpose; for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was impossible for the force of man to do it.

After this, the father ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his

Sons, at the same time bidding him try to break it; which when each did with all imaginable ease, the father addressed them to this effect: “O, my Sons, behold the power of unity; for if in like manner, would but keep yourselves strictly conjoined in the bonds of friendship, would not be in the power of any mortal to hurt you; but when once the ties of brotherly affection are dissolved, how soon you become exposed to every injurious hand that assails you!”

MORAL.—Union is Strength.



THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—EXTERIOR.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

ton me, Jeanie?"—really a very absurd question, and quite malapropos.
"No, indeed!"
"I thought you would"—really a very untrue statement.

"Did you? Oh, Fay!"
"I thought you wished to."
"And you hated me?"
"No, Jeanie, just the opposite—always!"
"And you could forgive me?"

"I hardly know which should forgive the other, Jeanie; but here, in this place, where we have so often listened together to the words of peace, is it not well for us to make our peace?"

She gave him her hand, quickly and silently, as

they bent over their evergreens, and the spirit of the olden time came back to them, hallowed, chastened, and made earnest by the grief through which they had passed.

On Christmas morning all the good people of



THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—INTERIOR. OPENING CONCERT ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

Ingleton were loud in their praises of the manner in which the church was trimmed. Nothing, it seemed to them, could be more beautiful than the decorations, so artistically planned, so deftly arranged.

But there was something more beautiful. It was a group of young girls—fresh, rosy, and clad in spotless white, arrayed by intelligent and courteous companions. In the midst of these were Fay Howard and Jeanie Sherman, arrayed in the garb of hymnal festivity. They entered at the close of the service, and, taking their places before the venerable pastor, were joined in that bond which makes two hearts one—the highest, holiest, of all human sacraments.

"Love," saith the Apostle, "is the fulfilling of the law."

HON. D. F. JAMIESON.

The Hon. D. F. Jamieson, of whom we this week present our readers a faithful portrait, was born some fifty-two years ago in Orangeburg District, South Carolina. His ancestors, a few generations back, were Scotch and German. Some of them acquired a local distinction as leaders in the Revolution. Mr. Jamieson inherited from his parents a handsome property, enough for independence, and a seat in the South Carolina College. Shortly after leaving college he was admitted to the bar, but soon retired from practice. He was then elected to the State Legislature, and continued to be returned to his seat, year after year. He for many years held the commission of Brigadier-General in the State Service, and had command of a splendid brigade of cavalry, in which branch of the military service he took delight.

In literature Mr. Jamieson has an honestly earned though necessarily limited reputation. In their time he was a frequent contributor to the *Southern Quarterly*, to the *Southern and Western*, and to *Russell's Magazine*. To the second-named magazine he contributed a series of papers setting forth the Scripture argument in defense of slavery. For the past three years his name has been engrossed in the *Journal* and *"A History of the Life and Times of Bertrand de Guesclin"* the well-known hero of France, and, in his day, the best representative of its chivalry.

In 1800 Mr. Jamieson removed from Orangeburg to Barnwell District, and became the next-door neighbor of the distinguished Southern poet, historian, and novelist, W. Gilmore Simms. On the 6th day of December last the people of Barnwell elected Mr. Jamieson to the State Convention in the Southern Convention of South Carolina. That Mr. Jamieson was chosen President of that memorable body, and now holds the position of Secretary of War to the Palmetto Republic, are facts so well known that we need not dwell upon them here.

Mr., or, as he is more commonly called, General Jamieson, is a cotton planter, and has a fine estate of two thousand acres, worked by some seventy negroes. As a man of leisure, he is much read, and takes an extensive course of reading as he possesses resources which make him quite at home in all topics of literature, politics, and sociology. He has a clear, vigorous, and comprehensive mind; but, lacking in brilliancy, his logic seldom calls for aid to the faculties of fancy and imagination. With morals unstained by reproach, with a character guileless of baseness, no man is more highly esteemed by all who know him than General D. F. Jamieson.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

We publish on page 76, from a photograph kindly sent us from Charleston, South Carolina, a picture of the Washington Artillery.

This is the largest and most efficient corps in this branch of the service among the citizen soldiers of Charleston, having a roll of 150 active members. A detachment of this corps is at present stationed at Fort Moultrie, where, in the late attack upon the steamship *Star of the West*, they gave strong evidence of what may be expected at their hands should Charleston be invaded. When the ultimate attack upon the city passed this corps was the first to offer its services to the State. Their arms are six brass field-pieces, and Minie muskets with Maynard primers.

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On Tuesday 15th and Thursday 17th inst., the Brooklyn Academy of Music was formally opened by a grand ball in the evening, and we take the opportunity of presenting our readers with a picture of the interior, the other the exterior.

Some three years have elapsed since the project of an Academy of Music in Brooklyn began to assume reality. Several enterprising citizens of Brooklyn, dissatisfied with the want of a suitable room for concerts, gathered their friends, and found that people were willing to subscribe money for the purpose of erecting an academy that should be worthy of the city. The principal subscribers were Mr. Luther B. Wyman, S. B. Chittenden, E. Whitehouse, John J. Ryan, etc. A sum of \$150,000 was at once subscribed, and this was subsequently increased to \$200,000; the work was placed in the hands of experienced architects; and so now, after many years of trouble of waiting and disappointment, the Brooklyn Academy is placed in the hands of its owners.

The building is of brick, with decorations of Dorchester stone. The windows, which are Gothic, are faced with stone, with a large brick inserted into the centre of their arched stone capings. There are seven entrances, the chief of which is through a porch whose arches and pillars combine massive strength with lightness and grace.

The exterior of the building is said to be finer than that of any other Academy of Music in the world, and it contains a theatre, a concert-hall, dressing and chorus rooms, a green-room, a kitchen, store-rooms, etc. The theatre will seat 2200 people, every one of whom can see the stage conveniently. There are no less than twelve proscenium boxes. The whole theatre is appropriately decorated in the Gothic style, and the effect, when lit up by gas and gilt, is most sumptuous and grand. The music room, is very striking. The concert-hall, which seats 4200, is 45 high—a very beautiful room indeed. The smaller rooms are convenient; the kitchen, baronial, and suggestive of such feasts as our ancestors used to have in the days of the Tudors. Space compels us to curtail this description, which might be prolonged to any length. Our Brooklyn friends have certainly achieved a success in their Academy; and the effect of such a building on the study of music and the popularity of lectures—both powerful agents of civilization—can not fail to be felt.

TOO LATE.

Hear! speak low; tread softly;
Draw the sheet aside;
Yes, she doth look peaceful;
With that smile she died.

Yet stern want and sorrow
Even now you trace
On the wan, worn features
Of the still white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless,
Was her bitter part;
Now—how still the Violets
Lie upon her Heart!

She who toiled and labored
For her daily bread;
See the velvet hangings
Of this steady bed.

Yes, they did forgive her;
Brought her home at last;
Strove to cover over
Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given
Wealth, and home, and pride,
To see her just look happy
Once before she died!

They strove hard to please her,
But, when death is near,
All you know is deadened,
Hope, and joy, and fear.

And besides, one sorrow
Deeper still—one pain
Was beyond them: healing
Came to day—in vain!

If she had but lingered
Just a few hours more;
Or had this letter reached her
Just one day before!

I can almost pity
Even him to-day;
Though he let this anguish
Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him:
One day you shall know
How this sorrow happened;
It was long ago.

I have read the letter;
Many a weary year,
For one word she hungered—
There are thousands here.

If she could but hear it,
Could but understand;
See—I put the letter
In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for,
Do not stir her rest;
Well—I should not murmur,
For God judges best,

She needs no more pity;
But I mourn his fate,
When he hears his letter
Came a day too late.

A BITTER THOUGHT.

I have a bitter Thought, a Snake
That used to sting my life to pain.
I strove to cast it far away,
But every night and every day

It crawled back to my heart again.

It was in vain to live or strive,
To think or sleep, to work or pray;
At last I bade this thing accurst
Gnaw at my heart, and do its worst,

And so I let it have its way.

Thus said I: "I shall never fall
Into a false and dreaming peace,
And then awake with sudden start,
To feel it biting at my heart,
For now the pain can never cease."

But I gained more; for I have found
That such a snake's venomous charm
Must always find a part,
Deep in the centre of my heart,
Which it can never wound or harm.

It is coiled round my heart to-day.
It sleeps at times, this cruel snake,
And while it sleeps it never stings:—
Hush! let us talk of other things,
Les! it should hear me and awake.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.
AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LOREKQUE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"WELL, what next? have you brought me with you of any thing more to charge me with?" cried a large full man, whose angry look and manner showed how he resented these cheatings.

I staggered back sick and faint, for the individual before me was Crofton, my kind host of long ago in Ireland, and from whose hospitable roof I had taken such an unmercifully depar-

"Who are you?" cried he, again. "I had hoped to have paid every thing and every body. Who are you?"

Wishing to retire unrecognized, I stammered out something very unintelligible indeed about my gratitude, and my hope for a pleasant journey to him, retreating all the while toward the door.

"It's all very well to wish the traveler a pleasant journey," said he, "but you unthoroughs out to bear in mind that no man's journey is rendered more agreeable by roguery. This house is somewhat dearer than the Clarendon in London, or the Hotel du Rhin at Paris. Now, there might be perhaps some pretext to make a man pay smartly who travels post, and has two or three servants with him, but what excuse can you make for charging some poor devil of a foot traveler, taking his humble nest in the common room, and exacting a sum of the common price for making him pay eight florins—eight florins and some kreutzers—for his dinner?" Why, our dinner here for two people was handsomely paid at six florins ahead, and yet you bring in a bill of eight florins against that poor wretch?

I saw now, that what between the blinding effects of his indignation, and certain changes which time and the road had worked in my appearance, it was more than probable I should escape undetected, and so I affected to pay myself off with articles of his luggage that lay scattered about the room until I could manage to slip away.

"Touch nothing, my good fellow!" cried he, angrily; "send on my people here for these things. Let my courier come here—or my vallet."

This was too good an opportunity to be thrown away, and I made at once for the door, but at the same instant he was at me.

Mr. Crofton stood before me. One glance showed me that I was discovered, and there I stood, speechless with shame and confusion.

Rallying, however, after a moment, I whispered, "Don't betray me," and tried to pass out. Instead of minding my entreaty, she set her back to the door, and laughingly cried out to her brother,

"Don't you know whom we have got here?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed he.

"Can you not recognize an old friend, notwithstanding all the changes?"

"Why—why—surely it can't be—it's not possible—oh?" And by this time he had wheeled me round to the strong light of the window, and then, with a loud burst, he cried out, "Potts by all that's ragged! Potts himself! Why, old fellow, what could you mean by wanting to escape us?" and he wrung my hand with a cordial shake that at once brought the blood back to my heart. His sister completed my surprise by saying,

"If you only knew all the schemes we have planned to catch you, you would certainly not have tried to avoid us."

I made an effort to say something—any thing, in short—but not a word would come.

If I was overjoyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was no less overwhelmed with shame; and there I stood, looking very pitifully from one to the other, and almost wishing that I might faint out right there.

With a woman's fine tact Mary Crofton seemed to read the meaning of my suffering and, whispering one word in her brother's ear she stepped away and left us alone together.

"Come," said he, good-naturedly, as he drew

his arm inside of mine, and led me up and down the room, "tell me all about it. How have you come here? What are you doing?"

I knew that I endeavored to take up my case from the day I had last seen him, but it must have proved a very strange and bungling narrative, from the questions which he was forced occasionally to put, in order to follow me out.

"Well," said he at last, "I will own to you that, after your abrupt departure, I was

your father lived. I went at once and called upon him, my object being to learn if he had any tidings of you, and where you were. He said he had not heard of you since you left him. He showed me a few lines you had written on the morning you left home, stating that you would probably be absent some days, and might be even weeks, but that since that date nothing had been heard of you. He seemed vexed and dispeased, but not uneasy or apprehensive about your absence, and the same tone I observed in your college tutor, Doctor Tobin. He said: 'I have no news of him; he is not here; and not a whit wiser than he went. His self-esteem as to his capacity is in the reduplicate ratio of the inverse proportion of his ability, and he will be always a fool.' I wrote to various friends of ours traveling about the world, but none had met with you; and at last, when about to come abroad myself, I called again on your father, and found him just re-married."

"Re-married?"

"Yes, he is lonely, he said, and wanted companionship, and so on; and all I could obtain from him was a note for a hundred pounds, and a promise that, if you came back within the year, you should share the business of his shop with him."

"Never! never!" said I. "Potts may be the fool they deem him, but there are instincts and promptings in his sincere heart that they know nothing of. I will never go back. Go on."

"I now come to my own story. I left Ireland a day or two after and came to England, where business detained me some weeks. My uncle had died and left me his heir—not, indeed, so much as I had expected, but very well off for a man who had passed his life on very moderate means. There were a few legacies to paid, and one which he especially intrusted to me by a secret paper, in the hands that were delicate and poor in management. I might be able to make the person in whose interest it was begun to accept it. It was, indeed, a task of no common difficulty, the legatee being the widow of a man who had, by my uncle's cruelty, been driven to destroy himself. It is a long story, which I can not now enter upon; enough that I say it had been a trial of strength between two very vindictive, unyielding men which should crush the other, and my uncle conquered."

"The victory was a very barren one. It embarrassed every hour of his life after, and the only reparation in his power he attempted on his death-bed, which was to settle an annuity on the family of the man he had ruined. I found out once where they lived, and set about effecting this delicate charge. I will not linger over my failure—but it was complete. The family was in actual distress, but nothing would induce them to listen to the project of assistance; and, in fact, the indignation compelled me to renounce it, and to despair of success. My sister did her utmost in the cause, but equally in vain, and we prepared to leave the place, much depressed and cast down by our failure. It was on the last evening of our stay at the inn of the little village, a townsmen of the place, whom I had employed to aid my brother by his personal influence with the family, asked to see me and speak with me in private.

"He appeared to be about considerate age, and in a friendly interview by keep sake his secret as to what he was about to communicate. It was to this purport: A friend of his own, engaged in the Baltic trade, had just declared to him that he had seen W., the person I alluded to, working as a common porter on the quay at Riga, that he traced him to his lodging, but, on inquiring for him the next day, he was not to be found, and it was then ascertained that he had left the city. W., it was, would seem a man easily led, and the common porter he was could not be the slightest doubt of his identity. The question was a grave one how to act, since the assurance company with which his life was insured were actually engaged in discussing the propriety of some compromise by paying to the family a moiety of the policy, and a variety of points arose out of this contingency; for while it would have been a great cruelty to have conveyed hopes to the family that might, by possibility, not be realized, yet, on the other hand, to have induced them to adopt a course on the hypothesis of his death when they believed him still living, was almost as bad.

"I thought for a long while over the matter, and with my sister's counsel to aid me, I determined that we should come abroad and seek out this man, trusting that, if we found him, we could induce him to accept the legacy which his family rejected. We accordingly set out for Paris, and there I engaged a detective. A perfect description of him, in view, look, and manner; a copy of his portrait, and a specimen of his handwriting; and then we bethought ourselves of interesting you in the search. You were rambling about the world in that idle and desultory way in which any sort of a pursuit might be a boon, as often in the by-paths as on the direct road; you might chance to hit off this country in which he was, and might be led to him, and some clew to it. In a word, we grew to believe, that, with you to aid us, we should get to the bottom of this mystery; and now that by lucky chance we have met you, our hopes are all the stronger."

"You'll think it strange," said I, "but the man you allude to was Sir—"

"How on earth could you guess that?"

"I came to the knowledge on a railroad journey, where my fellow-passengers talked over the event, and I subsequently traveled with Sir S.—'s daughter, who came abroad to fill the

station of a companion to an elderly lady. She called herself Miss Herbert."

"Exactly! The widow resumed her family name after W.'s suicide—if it were a suicide."

"How singular to think that you should have chance to break this link of the chain! And do you know her?"

"Intimately; we were fellow-travelers for some days."

"And where is she now?"

"She is, at this moment, at a villa on the Lake of Como, living with a Mrs. Keates, the sister of her Majesty's Envoy at Kalbratschau."

"You are marvelously accurate in this narrative, Potts," said he laughing; "the impression made on you by this young lady can scarcely have been a transient one."

I suppose I grew very red—I felt that I was much confused by this remark—and I turned away to conceal my emotion. Crofton was too delicate to take any advantage of my distress, and merely added:

"From having known her, you will naturally devote yourself with more ardor to serve her. May we then count upon your assistance in our project?"

"That you may," said I. "From this hour I devote myself to it."

Crofton at once proposed that I should order my luggage to be placed on his carriage and start off with them; but I firmly opposed this plan. First of all, I had no luggage, and had no time to collect any. Secondly, I resolved to give up, at some one day, my project's arrival—I'd have given a month rather than come down to the dreary thought of his being a knave, and Tintenfecht a cheat! In fact, I felt that if I were to begin any new project in life with so black an experience that every step I took would be marked with distrust and tarnished with suspicion. I therefore pretended to Crofton that I had given rendezvous to a friend at Linda, and could not leave without waiting for him. I was not very sure that he had met me, but he was most careful in not dropping a word that might show immediately; and once more we addressed ourselves to the grand project before us.

"Come in, Mary!" cried he, rising rapidly from his chair, and going to meet her. "Come in, and help us by your good counsel."

It was not possible to receive me with more kindness than she showed. Had I been a very old man, I could not have been more welcome; her manner could not have been more courteous nor more easy; and when she learned from her brother how warmly I had associated myself in this plan she gave me one of her pleasantest smiles, and said,

"I was not mistaken in you."

With a great map of Europe before us on the table we proceeded to plan a future line of operations. We agreed to take certain places, some of them to be visited at certain others, to consult notes and reports, &c. We mutually permitted ourselves to feel any such confidence of success, but we all concurred in the notion that some lucky hazard might do for us more than all our best-devised schemes could accomplish; and, at last, it was settled that, *when they took Southern Germany and the Tyrol, I should ramble about through Savoy and Upper Italy, and our meeting-place be at Geneva, on exactly that day three months.*"

The greater portion of the English in every class and graduation were much employed, offered the best prospect of meeting with the object of our search, and these were precisely the sort of places such a man would be certain to resort to.

Our discussion lasted not long than the Crofton put off their journey till the following day, and we dined all together very happily, never venturing to speak over their plans, nor even each speculating as to what share of acuteness he could contribute to the common stock of investigation. It was when Crofton left the room to search for the portrait of Whalley that Mary sat down at my side, and said:

"I have been thinking for some time over a project in which you can aid me greatly. My brother tells me that you are known to Miss Herbert. Now I want to write to her; I want to tell her that there is one man in the world a family friend who has sufficient knowledge and desire to expose so far, maybe, the great wrong, and, if she will permit it, to be her friend. While I can in a letter explain what I feel on this score, I am well aware how much aid it would afford me to have the personal corroborations of one who could say, 'She who writes this is not altogether unworthy of your affections; do not refuse to offer her makes you, or, at least, consider and think before you return it.' Will you help me so far?"

My heart bounded with delight as I first listened to her plan; it was only a moment that I remembered how difficult, if not impossible, it would be for me to approach Miss Herbert once more. How or in what character could I seek her? To appear before her in any feigned part would be, in my circumstances, ignoble and unworthy, and yet I was in a very personal consideration, any regard to the poor creature Potts, to forego the interests, maybe the whole happiness, of one so immeasurably better and wretched? Would not any amount of shame and exposure to myself be a cheap price for even a small quantity of benefit bestowed on her? What signified it that I was poor and ragged? The world, I suppose, could afford no greater gainer? Would not, in fact, the very sacrifice of self in the affair be enabling and elevating to me, and would I not stand better in my own esteem for this one honest act, than I had ever done after any mock success or imaginary victory?

"I think I can guess why you hesitate," cried

she; "you fear that I will say something indiscreet—something that would compromise you with Miss Herbert—but you need not dread that; and, at events, you shall read my letter."

"Far from it," said I; "my hesitation had nothing to do with it. I was soothly thinking whether you were aware of how I stood in relation to Miss Herbert, you would have selected me as your advocate; and though it may pain me to make a full confession, you shall hear every thing."

With this I told her all—all, from my first hour of meeting her at the railway station to my last parting with her at Schaffhausen. I tried to speak as naturally as possible, and I am改名 as might be best, when I consider the figure in which I was forced to present myself overcame all her attempts at seriousness, and she laughed immoderately. If it had not been for this burst of merriment on her part, it is more than probable I might have brought down my history to the very moment of telling, and narrated every detail of my journey with Vanbrugh, and the week, I was, however, warned by these circumstances, that I must be brief in time to save myself from this new ridicule.

"From all that you have told me here," said she, "I only see one thing—which is, that you are deeply in love with this young lady."

"No," said I; "I was so once, I am not so any longer. My passion has fallen into the comic stage, and I feel myself her friend—only her friend."

"Very well; for the purpose I have in mind this is all the better. I want you, as I said, to place my letter in her hands, and so, as far as possible, enforce its arguments—that is, try and persuade her that to reject our offers on her part is to throw upon us a share of the great wrong our uncle worked, and make us, as it were, participants in the evil he did them." For myself," said she, boldly, "all the happiness that I might have derived from ample wealth and power, I have given up, so far, in remembrance of what misery it has been to me to have been associated with that poor family. If you urge that one theme forcibly, you can scarcely fail with her."

"And what are your intentions with regard to her?" asked I.

"They will take any shape she pleases. My brother would either entitle her to return home, and, by persuading her mother to accept an annuity. I am hardly in her favor, as yet; she might yet be under her influence over her mother and sister to regard our proposals more favorably; or she might come and live with us, and then I would prefer to all; but you must read my letter, and more than once, too. You must possess yourself of all its details, and, if there be any thing to which you object, then will be time enough still to change it."

"She is here; is this the portrait of our lost sheep?" said Crofton, holding up a mirror with a ring in his hand. It represented a bold, bold, almost insolently bold man in full civic robes, the face not improbably catching an additional expression of vulgar pride from the fact that the likeness was taken in that culminating hour of greatness when he first took the chair as chief magistrate of his town.

"Not an over-pleasant sort of fellow to deal with, I should say," remarked Crofton. "There are someстерies here about the coloring of the eyes, and certainly very suspicious-looking indentations next the mouth."

"His eye has no forgiveness in it," said his sister.

"Well, one thing is clear enough, he ought to be easily recognizable; that broad forehead, and those wide-spread nostrils and deeply divided chin, are very striking marks to guide one. I can not give you this," said Crofton to me, "but I will give you a copy of the original of it at the first favorable moment; mean-while, make yourself master of its details, and if you can not carry the resemblance in your memory."

"Disabuse yourself, too," said she, laughing, "of all this accessory grandeur, and bear in mind that you'll not find him dressed in ermine, or surrounded with a collar and badge. Not very easily, as I mentioned, can I get him to do it in case I am required to gaze steadfastly at the person. 'Can you trace any likeness?'

"Not the very faintest; she is beautiful," said I; "and her whole expression is gentle and delicate."

"Well, certainly," said Crofton, shutting up the miniature, "these are not the distinguishing traits of our friend here, whom I should call a hard-natured, stern, obstinate grumbler."

"I am thinking," said I, "that were I to come up with such a man as this, what chance would my poor, frail, yielding temperament have in influencing the rough granite of his nature? He'd terrify me at once."

"Not when your own self is a good and generous one," said Miss Crofton. "You might well enough be afraid to expose and disclose him, but bear in mind the fable of the man who will not courage to take the thorn out of the lion's paw. The operation, we are told, was a painful one, and there might have been an instant in which the patient felt disposed to eject his doctor; but with all these perilous strong in a good purpose, the surgeon persevered, and by his skill and his courage made the king of the beasts his fast for life. The lesson is worth repeating."

I was still pondering over this apophthegm when Crofton aroused me by pushing across the table a great heap of gold. "This is all yours, Potts," said he; "and remember, that as you are now my agent, traveling for the house of Crofton & Co., this, your journey at my cost."

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she; "you fear that I will say something indiscreet—something that would compromise you with Miss Herbert—but you need not dread that; and, at events, you shall read my letter."

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AN EVENING WITH RAREY.



Mr. SPIFLEKINS has an adventure with a Horse, and concludes to go and see RAREY.



He sees RAREY, and hears about Cruiser.



Cruiser as the Newspapers have him.



Cruiser as he is.



Mr. RAREY's Prize Horse, Jo Anderson.



Jo Anderson after Mr. RAREY has got through with him.



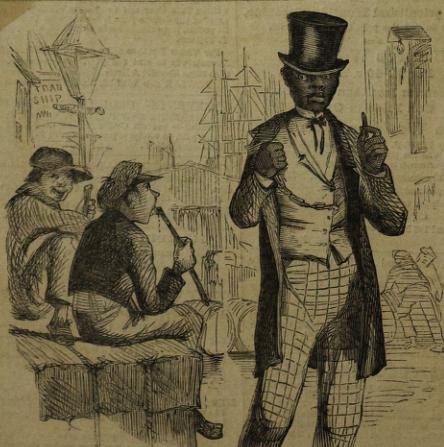
Mr. RAREY invites SPIFLEKINS to take a turn at Jo Anderson.



SPIFLEKINS does take a turn.



SPIFLEKINS and Jo Anderson after the turn is taken.



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